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DOES THE
World Look Gray to You?


—OR—

HOW TO GET AN EDUCATION.

BY NATHAN LAWRENCE,

A member of the Alumni Association of the Brigham Young
Academy.

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Does the World Look Gray to You?

—OR—

HOW TO GET AN EDUCATION.

I.

THE WILL.

YOUNG man, this booklet is meant to be a confidential chat with you. We are not acquainted as yet. Perhaps it will be years before we shall shake hands. But I am free to confess that I like your face; and something in your manner, I cannot exactly say what, attracts me to you.

Have you never felt some occult force drawing you toward another—I do not mean toward a young lady—drawing you, not so much through the medium of your conscious senses as by a deeper power—a power that gives light to those senses—the soul? Well, that is exactly how I feel towards you.

When I meet you on the street, as I do every day; or sit opposite you in the railway car; or observe you in the ball-room during some interval of the dance, when not even the enchanting music, nor the more enchanting beauty of femininity whirling before you, can keep your soul

from looking inward upon itself; or in whatsoever capacity I am for a short time thrown into your company—for it must be confessed that you are remarkably numerous just now—I can scarcely restrain the impulse to draw my arm through yours, and say, “Come let us be friends.”

I am not so far removed from you neither in years nor in mental culture as to have lost the spirit of a boy emerging from his teens. I feel certain we shall be boon companions. Do you not feel the need of just such a *confidante*? Tell me something of your life, then. Confide to me your hopes and aspirations.

But hold. Let me see first if I cannot guess them.

You have been accustomed to hard work ever since you can remember. This is not guessing: I come to this conclusion from looking at your hands. Then, too, I observe that your muscles have habits, which, as you walk or sit, betray to a close observer the very tools you have been accustomed to.

Well, these are fine marks to be known by. I should scarcely have felt a friendly impulse to talk to you, had you been a hot-house plant—by which I mean the cane and eye-glass and kid-glove sort of young man. Not that I have no wish to be confidential with him also, but he would be “so awfully bored, you know,” by what I am going to say to you.

Speaking of muscles having habits, it is not these habits I admire but rather what they tell me concerning you—that you have seen some-

thing of real life, the life that God enjoined upon Adam.

As to crudities in habit whether of body or mind, you will do well to get rid of them. We should remain superior to our work, otherwise we become mere serfs of the soil. Ben Hur, you will remember, although doomed to be a Roman galley slave, made the very work at the oars, which killed others daily, serve to develop for him a magnificent physique.

Here then is the point I make: You are just now at a place in your life when one of two things will begin to transpire—you will rise superior to your work, become its master, or your work will rise superior to you, make you its slave.

Now, the latter alternative viewed as a career is painful to contemplate. To become a machine operating by necessity; to sink into the ruts of routine; to wither and dry up, like a tree, at the top, when one's aspirations should keep him growing upward for half a century; to become like that same tree, stunted, alive only in one's baser or more animal nature, and growing knotted and gnarled with age; to work from day light till dark for bread and butter, and then to live on to work the next day, for no other reason than that this bread and butter did not prove fatal;—I repeat, the life wherein the work becomes superior to the man, wherein the man sinks himself in his work, is sickening to contemplate.

But, you ask, how can you escape the contemplation of it? Do we not see it on every hand? Look around you upon the circle of your acquaint-

tances. Do not three-fourths of your neighbors belong wholly or in part to this class? Farmers hedged in by weeds rank as sin; mechanics too listless to master their trades; artisans that live from hand to mouth; pettifogging lawyers and quack physicians—the scrubs alike of the trades and the professions—how great the number in whom all noble aspiration is dead!

Do not mistake me, young man. It is not these *occupations* I am warning you against. They are the most necessary to human existence and therefore the noblest employment of man. Be a farmer, a mechanic, an artisan, but first of all be yourself—your divine self. Confer dignity on your labor whatever it may be but let not the God like in you be submerged beneath the daily rounds of a mere machine-like existence.

Croakers will surround you and shake their dried-up heads: “Fine theories, my boy, but all moonshine. You’ll come down to a common-sense level by-and-by, when you know something of life. We’ve all passed through the rose colored age. The color was in our eyes. The world is gray.”

Believe them not, my dear boy. It is quite true that the color is in the eye. But this very fact places it in your power to see the world always bright and hopeful. Some people see the world only in gray. Why? Because that is the color in the eye of him who has lost ambition; in whom the poetry of life is a dried-up spring, a mere mud-pool. Could you expect any other view from fossilized men?

But hear *you* are, ready for a career. Do you choose to drive your work, or be driven by it? To do the first is hard. It means a life devoted to conquering, a life of going up hill. There is in it exquisite pleasure, but it is pleasure born of action not of ease.

The second career is as easy as the first is hard, for it means merely going down hill. Man has but to cease striving, that is, permit his higher aspirations to die, and *believe that the world is gray*, in order to sink to a level where he becomes a fixture of nature. Thereafter natural forces act upon him in quite the same way as upon the weeds and wild flowers. Nature makes him hungry, and he toils for food. She pinches him with cold, and he seeks shelter and clothing. It is the physical man only that lives. Nothing rouses the sleeping mind. "Though thou shouldst bray the fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle," says Solomon, "yet will not his foolishness depart from him."

Happiness there may be in the sense of the proverb:

Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

But real pleasure in the higher sense there is not, for there is no higher sense to feel the pleasure.

I will not insult your intelligence by asking whether you intend to choose the latter course. Youth is buoyant and full of hope. Rarely is the clay of nature so unmixed with lofty ideal as to cause a young man deliberately to choose this course. But what of the fossilized men of today?

Were they not once just such ambitious youths? They did not *choose* to be what they are. How came they then to be the slaves of their own habits and appetites?

I answer: *by refusing to choose the other course.* Hesitate, and you are lost. You are now at a point where you may begin to shape opportunity. Procrastinate, and opportunity will begin to shape you. A year, a month, perhaps a week, and the choice is past. Lives, like rivers at their sources, turn upon pebbles. A cigarette, the smile of a village coquette, a "good time" in anticipation—are trifles; but if they serve to lull resolution they may eventually make the difference between the man and the fellow. A decade from now, what per cent. of the ten thousand young men this booklet is intended to reach, will be in a position to direct the forces of their environment, and what per cent. in the other position, to be directed by these forces? Who can tell! Pray God that local history may not repeat itself on this point!

The real question, however, is, where will *you* be? How do you feel today? Have you a high moral purpose to which you are bending all your energies? If you have not, depend upon it, the silent forces are already hedging you in. You are being submerged beneath *things*. Your life is forging manacles for your mind. Once the rivets are clinched, good by to ambition. For a while your higher aspirations will struggle for freedom, but they will at last be silenced by some time-serving maxim about contentment.

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Do you realize what it means to become a human machine—a serf of the soil? Eat, drink, sleep, toil; toil, sleep, drink, eat. No birds, no flowers, no beauties of nature! No literature, no music, no beauties of art! No science, no philosophy, no glories of thought! Time a slave-driver, existence a tread mill—the world only a place to linger in!

“Impossible,” you say, “man can never be so chained down by circumstances as not to be able to free himself, if he have the will.”

Ah, there you have touched the saddest thing of all: “*If he have the will.*” To have the will is still to be free. He has lost the will. “Contentment,” that black spider, has caught him in her cruel web of “good enough.” The world is gray to him forever.

Youth is not prone to see the joyless side of life—age *should* not be. The dark picture I have drawn may mean nothing to you—pray God it never shall. But its brighter counterpart should mean everything. A life devoted to the good, the beautiful, and the true; that sees the *handiwork* of God alike in the meanest clod and the most perfect flower; that worships its Giver as well in humble toil as in hallowed devotion; that daily seeks to grow upwards towards God and to attune itself to the harmony of the universe. A life so full of usefulness that time flows into eternity ere one is aware. Above all a life full of hope leading to achievement, and of achievement leading to hope—the priceless hope of eternal life.

II.

THE MONEY.

"How," you ask, "may a man rise superior to his work and become its master?" That is the very question I have desired to arouse in your mind. A vague longing to do better, to live a higher life, serves often no wiser purpose than to make the mind dreamy and impractical. It is the energetic *how*, bespeaking as it does the dawn of resolution, which is the forerunner of an active life.

How then is a question, my dear friend, of the power of mind over matter. The earth, the sun, the moon, the stars—all that is visible of the mighty universe—are the results of the perfection of this power. But we need not contemplate the unattainable. Look at the splendid record of the human race, especially in our own marvelous age. Everywhere we see the triumph of mind over matter. Civilization is only a synonym of this triumph. When a nation is weighed in the scale of true civilization, it is mind that is weighed not matter.

Men control circumstances, or circumstances control men, just according to their degree of mind-power. The question thus resolves itself into how to develop mind, in other words *how to get an education*. Have you thought about it just in this way?

What about self-made men, you ask. Some men couldn't be kept down. Such are all they that never lose hope. It is because you cannot

discourage them that they keep on growing. But it is not the discouragement that makes them grow. If without the help of schools, they have attained such heights, how much greater heights they might have attained had they been given the severe mental discipline of student-life!

Remember, too, it is only the new country, the country of unorganized opportunities, that furnishes the conditions for the self-made man. Where, as in older communities, business interests are complex and intricate, none but highly disciplined minds can stand at the head of affairs. Do you really feel that you have within you enough momentum to disregard the school—that is, to trust to the abrasion of events for an education?

"You will be obliged to do so," you say. "It costs too much money to go to school."

Well now, young man, let me be quite candid. If anything were needed to convince me that you would delude yourself if you hoped to become a self-made man, your last remark would settle the question. The young men who really might do that laugh at a hindrance so trifling as want of money. In the B. Y. Academy are scores of such today— young men that are saving money by going to school. That is, they manage to live for less than if they were spending their winters at home.

Professor Nelson has an article in the October (1893) number of the *Contributor*, on "Money and a Higher Education," which discusses this point at length. It is worth your reading as a whole; but the passages I herewith quote seem

especially written to encourage those who hesitate because they imagine that it requires a pile of money to go to school. It doesn't. It requires a pile of moral pluck. Professor Nelson says:

"In this connection I am reminded of a case that illustrates pretty nearly the minimum on which a student may hope to pull through. A number of years ago four earnest young men, drawn together by mutual poverty and ambition, rented a room, furnished it from a second-hand store, and set up house-keeping. The work was really trifling, there being so little variety of food to prepare and so few dishes to keep clean. In turns four weeks apart, each would don Bridget's apron.

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"Looked at from any other standpoint than that of students intent upon securing an education, this way of getting along would be dismal enough. But do not fall into the error of thinking the year does not yield its full quota of pleasant memories. It was in the fullness of their intellectual, not in the nakedness of their social, life that these students lived. Supper cleared away, and each with his books occupying a quarter of the table, all delving till midnight into fascinating veins of truth, what mattered it that the floor was uncarpeted, the walls bare, and the windows curtainless? They were too deeply absorbed in another kind of soul-activity to miss these things. Had they been deprived of necessary books the case would have been different.

"When the accounts were drawn, it was found that the cost of furnishing board, rent, fuel, light, etc., was only one dollar and eleven cents per week for each student. The cost would have been somewhat less, save for the villianous trick of a junk dealer who refused to pay back the money deposited with him for the safe return of an old stove.

"Now this is by no means an isolated example. What little glory these young men took to themselves for close management was quickly dispelled when they learned that the great Garfield supported himself during his college life on fifty cents per week for board. And no doubt, every college in the world can furnish hundreds of similarly striking instances of luxury in poverty.

"Without having definite statistics at hand, I still feel safe

in saying that from one-third to one-half the students of the Academy thus board themselves. Thanks to the boom, which, like the ill-wind of the proverb, while it did generally much harm to Provo, brought this single good to students: it left in all parts of the city tenantless houses, which may now be rented at mere nominal figures. To the teachers who make it a point to visit and encourage the students, it has ceased to be remarkable to see a dry goods box, with partition and curtain, answering for a cupboard, and another on the wall doing duty for a book-case."

Here then, my young friend, is the opportunity of your life. You need not even spend money for train fare. Load up a farm wagon with provisions, and a few necessary articles of furniture, and come by the directest route to Provo. There is no danger of your not being able to get a house. Get two or three companions to join you. If your mother or sister will come along to cook for you, count yourself in Paradise; if not, count yourself in bachelor's bliss. But don't forget to economize in small things. Professor Nelson continues:

"By way of illustrating how other expenses may be managed, let me revert to the case above mentioned. One of the young men is a very intimate acquaintance of mine. I have, in fact, had occasion to ponder seriously over his accounts since then. During that year he had the moral courage—perhaps you will call it the social meanness—to appear week after week, month after month, in the same four dollar suit of clothes. It did seem as if miraculous wearing qualities were infused into its doeskin texture.

"So also by dint of trading in text-books, and combining with others in wash bills, these expenses are equally cut down. His account for the year would read something like this:

Board, 40 weeks at \$1.11.....	\$44.40
Clothes, about	10.00
Laundry, 40 weeks at 15 cents.....	6.00
Parties, Recreations.....	0.00
Expense Fee.....	6.00
Railroad Fare (via stamps and envelope route) say.....	1.00
Total,.....	\$67.40

"This amount he was able to earn at boy's wages, during the twelve weeks vacation. Does this seem incredible? It is simple enough. Had he remained away from school he would have spent three or four times as much, for no other reason than that he would have had it to spend. On the other hand, had he actually been able to earn only half or one-third the amount, he would somehow have managed to live upon it, and turn up at the end of the year smiling, and perhaps all the wiser for having been pinched."

This is by no means an unusual experience. Hundreds of young men, many of whom now stand at the head of enterprises in the Territory will recognize this narrative as exhibiting graphically a portion of their own biographies. It requires just such stamina to succeed in this world.

"What, then, you ask, was the social standing of such a student. So far as my recollection goes, he was never reminded by word or look of his inferiority in point of wealth. But then it would have made no difference if he had been. Having resolved, as he has since assured me, that nothing of this kind should disconcert him, he spent no time looking around for insults. And the probability is that not a dozen students were aware that he was working on the hard scrabble list. As to his intellectual standing, he held during the year, the highest executive position that could be conferred by the faculty upon any student—that of monitor of the theological organization; and the year following he graduated second in a class of twenty-four.

"These circumstances are mentioned first because they are generally characteristic of students who are determined, in spite of all odds, to get an education; but chiefly by way of encouragement to young men who feel poor. I say feel poor for no young man is really poor who is rich in will-power.

"The history of every great institution constantly emphasizes the fact that it is not an unmixed blessing for the student to have unlimited means. Better have a big determination and a little purse, than a little determination and a big purse.

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"There remains now for consideration the question, where

shall the money come from. Let me remark, in the first place, that this article would be unworthy publication did it hold out hope only for the well-to-do. The question—and on it depends almost eternal life—really is, not: How can I afford to get an education? but: How can I not afford it? Let every young man and woman repeat it to himself as often as he does his prayers: **HOW CAN I NOT AFFORD IT?**

* * * * *

"Now if every youth would in the same way, place his earthly all in the scale, and then choose between it and an education, the question of where the money is coming from will be answered for hundreds, perhaps thousands, in this Territory. Remember, I do not advise reckless disposal of property. I urge a young man firmly to resolve that he will go to school, say, next year. Then let him go to work with a will. He will find that keeping this purpose steadily in view will be to him at once a spur and a savings bank.

"Having accumulated a hundred dollars or two, let him resolve, on coming to school, to get through the first year on, say, seventy-five dollars. This resolution, like the other, will protect him against many temptations. Nickles will swell to the bigness of dollars, and every coin take a yellow hue out of very preciousness. Over his social self he should draw a heavy veil, and wear it, too, save as he may lay it aside for a few companions poor as himself. Let him not seek to be popular; it costs too much. It is no part of a student's business to look handsome, or make a dashing appearance among the fair sex. The moment he forgets this unpalatable truth, there is danger that the bottom will drop out of his savings bank. Let him learn a lesson from the caterpillar: first it crawls, alike indifferent to admiration and contempt; then it withdraws from the world into a shell for self development; then—well, just get into this social shell* as soon as you can; wings will come by and by.

"Following this line of thought and action, he will probably get through on double the amount first allotted to himself. But he has made a splendid beginning. Not least among his ac-

* "Let me not seem to teach that the social self may be repressed or disregarded. I only try to voice Dr. Maeser's familiar admonition: 'Young men and young ladies, remember; balls and parties and sociables you may always have, but the Academy is yours for only a very brief period.'"

quirements are the lessons in economy and close management which he has been forced to learn. Next year he will live on less. The prime benefit, however, that which promises the most for his future, is the fact that he has tasted the sweetness of a new life. No one that has keenly sensed the exquisite pleasure of exercising the muscles of the brain, if I may venture so bold a figure, will easily permit the mind again to rust or atrophy through inactivity. No mistaken parsimony will keep such a student from pursuing his studies. First that pretty pony, which one year ago he idolized like a true Arab, will be disposed of, saddle and all. Then will follow the little bunch of stock that were to make him one day a cattle king. The city lot, with its cosy, unbuilt cottage, and pretty Mary (alas! now so neglected!) change owners next, and still the fires rage. These are not reckless expenditures. I place them among the noblest examples of personal sacrifices."

In line with this thought is a recent declaration of Prof. Benjamin Cluff, President of the B. Y. Academy: "We desire the people of the Territory to understand that the Academy is for the poor as well as for the rich. Nothing that the people produce of a marketable value will be refused in exchange for tuition; and I will say further, that where students are too poor to pay, they will be admitted absolutely free."

III.

THE SCHOOL.

But not every young man makes it a reason for not going to school that his bank account is too small. I should not have been surprised had you answered:

"Oh, I don't know enough to go there. They're all so far advanced, that I'm ashamed to start. I haven't been to school for so many years, that I

don't know anything. What could I do in such a grand school?Everybody'd laugh at me."

Now, I know exactly how terrible this feeling is, for I have passed through it all. It took super-human effort to bring my own littleness into the presence of all this bigness. During my first term at school I dared scarcely look an academic mouse in the face. I remember what a desperate effort I made on one occasion to say good-morning to one of my teachers, but the words choked in my throat.

Perhaps no young man before or since came to the Academy so morbidly bashful and self-conscious as I. Still this feeling is widely shared especially by young men unfamiliar with cultured society. These always underate the education that contact with things has given them, and overrate the education that comes from books and schools. What they have seen and experienced they dare face bravely, but what they have heard of only, and can picture but vaguely, they shrink from.

Then, too, so many are in the relentless grip of habit. To congregate on the street corner, to sit with a group on the boys' row at Sunday evening meeting, and to attend an occasional ball, are social events that sit as easy upon them as half worn jumper and overalls. But to put on a collar and necktie, black their shoes each morning, meet with several hundred young people, the flower of the Territory, and come into the presence of thirty teachers highly educated—why, all this newness, strangeness, and grandness in social habit is appalling for self-conscious young men to face!

But let me assure you that this feeling is gone

after the first hour at school. And the reason is, that you discover you are as good looking, as well-behaved, and as cultured as scores of students all around you. Then, too, these teachers have a way of shaking hands with you, mingling in your society, and being interested in the commonsense things about which you know so much, that you cease at once to stand in awe of them.

To be forewarned is to be disarmed—if I may venture to change the old proverb for once—disarmed of fear and apprehension. Perhaps I can do nothing more grateful to you than to foretell some of your experiences in coming to the B. Y. Academy.

The foremost factor of a great school is its faculty. Buildings and equipments may be much, but after all, the life and soul of the instruction come from the teachers. The great Agassiz, of whom you may have read, conducted his famous school of science in a barn. What and who are the teachers of the B. Y. Academy?

First of all, they are, with few exceptions, Utah boys and girls. You are surprised, perhaps, that I claim this as an advantage. Let me explain. You will agree with me that the average boy or girl coming to school needs sympathy. Now, who could give this more warmly or judiciously than a teacher who has "been there?" Then again, as you will learn when you study psychology, no knowledge can be lodged in the mind save it be attached to previous knowledge. It is the teachers' business to find out this previous knowledge—to dig through the uncertainties of your mind till he gets to the solid foundation, before he can begin

to build up new knowledge. Now who are more likely to be aware of what you know than such teachers? Have they not shared your experiences?—plowed, sowed, reaped, stacked lucern, hauled wood from the canyons, rode bronchos, and “roughed it” in general? The very illustrations they would use are such as would be most vivid to your mind also.

But what is the strongest feature of the Faculty may be said alike of all the teachers: they are young, enthusiastic, ardent students themselves, and alert to what is new and progressive in education. Most of them have had the double advantage of a normal training under Dr. Maeser, and a post graduate course in eastern institutions; and the policy of President Cluff, is to keep some member of the Faculty abroad each year to enrich the institution with the newest and best in educational thought, to the end that it shall not settle into grooves.

Provo is peculiarly adapted to be the great educational centre it is. Full of orchards and lawns and shade trees, it is rural enough to have justly earned the title, Garden City of Utah. The moral atmosphere of the place is pure and grows purer with the growth of the Academy. The one or two dramshops now left drag out a feeble existence. From the side of nature the town has more than its share of attractiveness, while from the side of human society it is quite dull enough to make books and school-life entertaining.

You will be especially delighted with the building. Although Utah is fast improving her school-

houses, you will have something yet to experience in general comfort and capaciousness when you enter the Academy. Besides the large assembly room, used exclusively for study, there are more than twenty-five class rooms elegantly fitted with modern furniture. The building is warmed and ventilated by the hot air system, whereby a pure and equable climate is maintained.

The society within these walls is of the choicest kind. Here congregate earnest young men and women from a radius of several hundred miles— young people with an aim in life, young people whose future mission it will be to shape the destiny of society. It is an education in itself just to be in the presence of such zeal and earnestness, and to feel by contagion the glow of lofty purpose. Acquaintances and friendships are formed here that constitute a man's membership in the brotherhood of thought and action which will control the future of the state.

"Schools that are everywhere," says the *Deseret News* in a recent editorial, "that offer intellectual culture of the highest and most varied kind; but it remained for Brigham Young to found, and for Dr. Karl G. Maeser, and his able successor, Professor Benjamin Cluff, to develop an institution, which while it neglects nothing that can be desired from the intellectual stand-point, emphasizes as well the moral and spiritual side of character."

This school is chiefly concerned that men and woman, upright and full of integrity, shall be the leaders of society. To this end instructions in

morals and religion form a conspicuous part of the daily program. Its faculty also seeks to throw about students, or rather seeks to get students to throw about themselves, those social and moral safe-guards of daily conduct that fond parents would exercise in the home circle. No student can continue to smoke, drink, and keep improper associates, and still remain in the Academy.

As to studies that may be pursued here, there is almost any choice to be desired, from kindergarten and manual training to courses in music and painting. The Preparatory School takes pupils in all of the district school grades. The Commercial College, with its complete equipment of offices, banks, and special exchanges, fits students by actual business processes for the varied pursuits of commercial life. The Normal training school places young teachers before actual classes under the eye of professional critic teachers, who afterward in kindly and confidential criticism point out their failures and successes. Physical culture and military drill may be taken by any grade without extra charge. A class in sewing, fancy-work, and dress making is also free to lady students desiring it. In fact the studies are so numerous and varied that nothing short of the circular can do justice to them.

But the real glory and usefulness of the institution will continue to be, as it has been, the preparing of teachers; teachers for the District and Church schools; teachers for the Sunday Schools, and leaders in the Mutual Improvement Associa-

tions. The authorities of the Academy have a laudable ambition to build up a Normal College that shall not be excelled by any institution of its kind in the United States. How nearly they have already reached this standard is best known by those most acquainted with the work done.

The Academy is the official Church Normal Training School. Six years ago, by reason of a liberal appropriation, tuition was made practically free to normal students. A life membership certificate costs \$15.00. This entitles the holder to as many years as he desires, the only additional cost being an annual expense fee of \$6.00. Membership is open alike to Mormons and non-Mormons. Over a thousand of these certificates have already been issued. The attendance at the opening this year promises to become greater than ever before.

"Will all these become teachers?" you ask. Hardly, though the demands have been ahead of the supply thus far. Some will not have the ability and others will lack the inclination to teach, but the training they have received fits them for almost any work in life—especially the duty of rearing a family. Nine studies out of ten do not differ materially from those taught in ordinary high schools and colleges. Time is not wasted on the tenth. Psychology, pedagogy, and the theory and practice of teaching, make one acquainted with human nature as nothing else can; and a knowledge of human nature is invaluable in any occupation.

This booklet is not intended as a guide to the

B. Y. Academy. A circular containing full information on any point may be had by dropping a card to President Cluff, who cordially invites correspondence. My purpose has been to wake up young men, pull them out of the ruts of improper habit, and give them an ambition to be something and to do something in life.

What about the girls, you say. Bless the girls! I am a great admirer of them and really often feel like having a confidential chat with them, but I am far too bashful. Somehow you can't button-hole a girl, and draw your arm through hers and call her chum—that is, I can't. But then, between you and me, judging by the classes in the Academy, the young ladies don't need half the waking up that their brothers and sweet-hearts need—present company of course excepted. However, if you know a girl in whom you are particularly interested, hand her this booklet when you are done with it. She will take up my arguments, if she cares a straw for you, and urge them with more eloquence than I ever hope to command. For no true woman admires dimensions without brains in a man. To keep her heart warm and hopeful, you must not sink to the level where the world becomes gray. Like the sun, you must rise each morning with the warmth of love and the light of ambition shining from your eyes.



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FOR THE

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CALENDAR.

1895.

August 19th, Monday, Entrance examinations begin.
August 21st, Wednesday, Instructions begin in all departments.
October 3rd, Thursday evening, Conference vacation begins.
October 7th, Monday morning, Conference vacation ends.
October 16th, Wednesday, Founder's Day.
November 12th, Thursday, Thanksgiving recess.
December 20th, Friday evening, Holiday vacation begins.

1896.

January 6th, Monday morning, Second Semester begins.
February 22nd, Saturday, Washington's Birthday.
April 3rd, Friday, Conference vacation begins.
April 7th, Tuesday, Conference vacation ends.
May 18th to 22nd, Commencement exercises.

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	Full Sem.	$\frac{3}{4}$ Sem.	$\frac{1}{2}$ Sem.	$\frac{1}{4}$ Sem.
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PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT { III. Reader,	5.00	3.75	2.50	1.25
IV. Reader,	10.00	7.50	5.00	2.50
INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT { V. Reader,	15.00	11.25	7.50	3.75
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